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1916

Songs of Creelabes



Rev. P.J. Carroll, C.S.C.



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SONGS OF CREELABEG

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BY

REV. P. J. CARROLL, C.S.C.



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no 1.

To My Mother

*Who made the morn of life so sweet
The day is fragrant yet.*

FOREWORD

You who, every day, in every work to which you set your hands, pause for a little to look back over space and time to one spot your heart keeps green forever;

Who dream of shamrocks where the cactus grows, or fancy the fringed daisies are beneath the snow;

Who hear below the rumble of factories the whisper of the river, and the call of the cuckoo above the noise of cities;

Who grow lonely sometimes for quiet places back home where the gray dew lingers late, and where the blue-blossomed clover is sweet:

For you are sung these Songs of Creelabeg.

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SONGS OF CREELABEG

LONESOME

Ochone, so far away I am 'tis no know-
ing,

My Creelabeg, if I'll ever see you
now!

'Tis Spring there in the valley, the west
wind blowing

The turf boats home again from Bal-
lyow.

Movrone, 'tis sad I am for the brown
sods burning,

Of wild nights, and we wondering how
It fares with the boats through the dark
home returning,

Before the wintry winds from Bal-
lyow.

Machree, could I but watch the wild
geese flying

Back from the gray sea over the blue
hill's brow,

My breath would come more easy were I
dying,

And they flying—flying home from
Ballyow!

GOING HOME

'Tis worth the score of years to be re-
turning

Back o'er a smooth sea with a track
of foam.

There's gray frost on the pane, a turf
fire burning,

And young eyes watching for the
coming home.

Ah, you'd be glad, too, to hear the en-
gines pounding,

And you going back where white fields
are spread.

Your heart would run before, so you'd
soon be rounding
The Moorna hills, behind near Kerry
Head.

Good-bye to the city where my heart was
pining
For a speck of the sky, for a blade of
dewy grass!
In Creelabeg there's a gentle sun a-
shining
Between the showers that dance for
you and pass.

Ah, Creelabeg! I can't live on without
you,
So I'm going back, with Christmas in
the air.

I went from you, but never did I doubt
you,—

Put fresh turf on, dears: I will soon
be there!

EQUALITY

Full many lie in lowly graves,
 With never grassy mound above them;
Or sleep uncoffined in the waves,
 Afar from those at home that love
 them.

A few whom fickle Glory wins,
 Whose deeds are writ for worlds to
 con them,
Have tombs in which are hid their sins,
 With all their virtues chiselled on
 them.

But e'en the thickness of the tomb
 Shall dread Corruption pierce to find
 them;

He does not spare the thrice-sealed
gloom

Because men leave a name behind
them.

THE EXILED DEAD

They sleep where Southern breezes
blow—

No bard is left to tell their story,—
Or where the mountains crowned with
snow

Shall never lose their virgin glory.

They lie in lone forgotten field

Where tyrants' chains were rent asunder;
der;

And, O wild Ocean, could you yield

The white bones that are scattered
under,

You would give back unfinished lives
To her whose widowed heart is broken,—
The vows of lovers, prayers of wives,
Whose last farewells were never
spoken.

Be mute, ye banished ones who lie
With neither mound nor tomb above
you!
The ocean breezes round you sigh,
And God's sweet angels guard and
love you.

THE FAREWELL

The railway station of a large Western city. Kathleen, going back to Ireland, is saying good-bye to her young brother, Maurice, whom she promises to send for in the spring.

KATHLEEN

The smoke of factories, hiding sun and
sky

Through all the lonesome day,—yes, that
is why

I'm going back. To live in this wild city
All the slow years, nor ever hear the
ditty

The happy thrush sings o'er the late
June grass:

That's why my heart is pining. So I
pass
From out these sunless streets to fields
I know,
Where shamrocks lie beneath the daisy
snow.

MAURICE

Ah, sister, and you'll hear the gull's
sharp call
Far out to sea, from the cliffs of Aher-
fall!

KATHLEEN

And, dear, 'tis sorry I am you can not
come,
That your poor ears must hear the dizzy
hum
Of wheels within the black, unlovely
building;

That you will long in vain for the sun
that's gilding
The cross of Athery. And so good-bye,
Brother of mine, your life in the morn!
Don't cry,
My own! I'll surely send for you in
spring,
When the daisies show, when hiding
cornerakes fling
The dew from off their backs. Remember,
love,
When your young heart is breaking, see
above
This smoke, the sky of Creelabeg, the
Deel
Mad-leaping down the rocks for woe, for
weal,
To mother sea. Ah, thus she calleth
thee,

My blue-heart stream, as Ireland calleth
me!

My soul is there already. Lovely earth,
Green Ireland, where the fairies had
their birth,

The kind South soothes thee with her
wind's caress;

The chanting sea doth sprinkle thee and
bless,

With violet mist, adown each valleyed
aisle,

As brief clouds veil the sky and the good
sun's smile!

MAURICE

Will you think of me when you see the
wild geese flying

In wedges to the west where the sun lies
dying?

KATHLEEN

Don't doubt, *machree*; though now you
do not come,

O you'll come, surely, when the brown
bees hum

Above the wheat field in the young
spring greening;

When the white-thorn bush, down o'er
the flush pond leaning,

Drinks up the sap and feels the wine of
life!

Don't let your heart down, though the
maddening strife

Beat at your senses all the smoky day.

O dream of Creelabeg and Creela Bay;

The salt wind laughing up the Deel; the
fog

Shrouding with mantle dark the heather
bog

By the slopes of Knockanare; the dark-
 eyed men
Who toil in yellowing fields the day, and
 then,
With falling night, walk down the head-
 lands home.
And, brother, listen: through the fog and
 foam
I'll see your wistful face, your black
 eyes shining,
And the heart in me will pine that you
 are pining.
Ne'er will the wild geese fly across the
 wind,
With heads out-thrust, to the marsh
 fields behind
Kilbeg, but I will pray for your return-
 ing; [sods burning
And, Maurice dear, I'll keep the brown

Till you are home again in showery
spring,
When flush streams flow to sea a-mur-
muring!

MAURICE

O sister mine, and soon your hands will
catch
The soft, warm rain a-dripping from
the thatch!
You'll mock the cuckoo from the alder
calling
At the edge of night, when the early dew
is falling!

KATHLEEN

Hush, dear! The time is now! Ah, so I
press
My lips to yours! I grudge my happi-
ness,

And you with moist eyes dreaming hour
on hour

Of the heath hills and the wind of Ahen-
dour!

And know, dear brother, God loves Ire-
land best,

For she's been always meek when sor-
row-pressed.

While yet a maid she was wedded unto
Grief;

True wife was she, nor ever sought relief
Down the great years. All the fair chil-
dren born

Of her have felt the thong of hate and
scorn;

Yet have they loved her in the foggy
dawn,

In the hot noon, and when the young
stars shone.

Then, when her husband Grief unlovely
grew,
The kind God in His golden heaven
knew,
And sent Grief's sister, Joy, to charm
her pain,
Till Grief unlovely, lovely grew again.

MAURICE

'Tis far to there,—and will you hear my
call
Above the Kerry wind and the water-
fall?

KATHLEEN

I'll hear, and send for you when the
Shannon wide
Is songless 'neath the weight of April
tide;

When o'er the drills the buds begin to
show,
And healing showers bring back the vanished glow
To the land's face. Don't let your heart
doubt, love;
For surely, in the spring, the clouds
above
The Galty mountains will refresh your
eyes,
When you are home, and under Irish
skies—
O hush, *machree*! It is the panting
train!

MAURICE

Ah, the foggy days until we meet again!

TOM

Ay, he was one o' the Force, was
Tom,
So tall in his suit o' blue,
You'd stop at the crossin'
Where he was a-bossin'
The job the mornin' through!

The people o' town were fond o' Tom,
For he was obligin' an' kind.
'Twas Tom here an' Tom there,
'Twas Tom everywhere;
But Tom, sure he didn't mind.

A big man with a big heart was Tom—

Ay, that's the truth this day!

But the big an' the small

Must answer the call,

When the hour comes to march away.

How great he looked in the hospital

bed—

An oak blown down in the dark!

“ 'Tis hard pullin'—I doubt

If I'll ever pull out,”

Tom whispered to Sister Mark.

The priest, he came an' anointed Tom,

An' “heard him,” an' helped him

pray.

“Now,” said Tom, “an' I go

'Tis all aequal; I know

I'm right with the Lord this day!”

Well, the boys were there when they
buried Tom—

I'm manin' the min in blue.

“Tom, we'd like you to sleep

Where the shamrocks keep,”

Said the priest—an' thim words were
true.

Mo boucail, Tom, you've a rest from the
beat

Down there where the dust is fine!

Sleep aisy, Machree,

Sure your Guard'an will see

You don't lose your place in the line!

THE ALTAR BOY

A dark sky, a gray rain,
Boy lips set in smile;
Marching feet to organ beat,
Of children down the aisle.
“Farewell,” murmured the priest,
“Boy of the altar band;
You served inside the altar rail,
You lighted torch, you lifted veil—
You almost touched His hand!”

A small grave, a still place,
Where cedars wave farewell.
Bees will hum when June days come,
Winds will sink and swell.

Safe home, O altar lad,
 Boy of the surplice band!
For aye to serve inside the rail,—
With stars for torches, sky for veil,—
 For aye to touch His hand!

MY HEAVEN

Dear Mother of God, to that far heaven
of thine

I dare not hope to reach;
Bowed with the memory of these sins
of mine,
A lesser I beseech.

I do not ask such crowning as thy stars,
Nor the gold-dust at thy feet;
O just to hear, far-coming, the faint
bars
Of angel music sweet.

Among the least, where in my lowliness
 'Tis fitting I should be,
From there—a humbler heaven—thy
 blessedness
I am content to see.

WADING

Lord, little it matters how narrow the
span

Of the river I cross to Thee:

The palm is not meted to any man

For the years since his weary wade be-
gan

Through this river he wades like me.

'Tis the ceaseless fight 'gainst the cur-
rent's flow

That is writ in that Heart of Thine;
And the bleeding feet from the rocks
below,

And the hands benumbed from the blasts
that blow,
That are healed by Thy touch benign.

Lord, light me along: the mid-river is
deep,
The shallows lie near the shore;
My failing footsteps from gliding keep
With the adverse currents that round me
sweep,
Till I've waded life's river o'er.

DEAR CHRIST

Dear Christ, You left Your paradise

To wash away our sin:

We barred the doors against You,

Christ,

And would not let You in.

Dear Christ, You would abide with us—

But, ah, there was no room!

We nailed You to a cross, dear Christ,

And left You in the gloom.

THE WRECKS OF DEPARTED YEARS

Low in the depths of the murmuring
sea

Lie buried the wrecks of departed
years;

And betimes, when the moon through
the storm-cloud peers,

Above the night wind the mariner
hears

The wails of the coffinless dead at sea.

Under the waves of the sea of life

The ghosts of humanity, sin-wrecked,
sleep;

And anon when meek saints their
vigils keep,
They hear the angels in heaven weep
For the sunken souls in the sea of life.

THE RICHES OF POVERTY

You up there in your gilded hall,
With glitter of lights
'Mid revel of nights,
Think you have life, love, happiness—
all.

I, down here at my cottage door,
Would not take your gold
Nor your gems untold
For my babe that plays on this earthen
floor.

BY THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND

Crooning winds round a naked tree,
Lowering clouds and a swish of rain:
Sleep on! Not all sad minstrelsy
Will wake you back to my life again.

Dank leaves sunk in sodden grass,
Tree arms heavy with fallen rain,—
The sun, the cloud will come, will pass:
You will not come to my life again.

Gusts of wind and a dreary day,
The clinging cold of November rain:
The buds will spring with a future May,
But you—not you to my life again!

A JUNE DREAM

The garden is summer-sweet with roses

 This golden June;

The bee buzzes above where the lizard
 reposes

 This slumberous hour of noon.

The sky is up near heaven,

 With never a cloud to soil its face of
 blue.

'Tis so warm and still to-day that even

 The spangled butterfly will scarce flit
 away from you.

Now the soul is at peace; and Fancy,
 dreaming

 Of cooling shade,

Weaves a web of song out of the seem-
ing,—

For so all songs are made.

Our God is tender and good

To give us the sun and the sky and the
summer long,

And, in a silent hour, the mood

Of regret for a vanished hour that
finds its relief in song.

THE CALL TO DERRY

A VISION IN THE ABBEY

I

'Tis quiet within, where mosses cling to
sunken stones,
Where tall weeds blossom in summer
above dissolving bones.
The Angel Silence invites us, ere the
doors are bolted fast,
To leave the noisy Present and visit the
dreaming Past.

II

Dark and vacant niches in walls grown
old and gray;
A chancel filled with echoes—the psalms
of a vanished day;

The smoke of incense rolling from cen-
sers that will not rust,
Swung by spirit hands that never can
fall into dust;
Lights ablaze on altars carved of the
poet's dream:
The heavy hours of the real melt into the
hours that seem.

III

Out of their graves arise the monks that
have slumbered long,—
They who chastened the harsh, wild
ways of our fathers strong:
Colman, the man of learning; Columba,
the maker of song;
They who taught Toil's blessing to many
a savage race,

Spending the night in riotous wassail,
the day in the chase,—
Teuton and Saxon and Dane and Briton
with painted face.

IV

Not saints of conventional nimbus with
vision-lifted eyes,
But men who battled for man, and
taught mankind to rise.
Brave with the force of truth, although
a truth should sting,
Driving a bandit back, rebuking a lecher-
ous king.
They sit in stalls long vacant, and sing
from the sacred page
Psalms that have quickened with feeling
the pulse of peasant and sage:
Columba and Gall and Colman,—the
lights of a bygone age.

The psalms are ended now, and down the
aisle

Columba glides, bard of the sainted
band,

Who from Ionian exile many a mile
Yearned over-seas for haunting Derryland.

He glances where we stand in shadow
dim;

His gray eyes yearn as when they
searched the sea,

From the land's white edge to the horizon's rim,

To catch one glimpse, fair Derryland,
of thee!

“O brothers, I am waiting all the years—
My bones in dusty darkness, O so
long!—

Till out of Time one rose-red Dawn ap-
pears,
And all this land will quicken unto
song!

“When the old days of Freedom shall
return,
And men shall walk anew highways
of light;
On every cairn triumphant fires will
burn,
To glorify the waking out of night.

“When cowléd monks again will ponder
o’er
High truths to light the searchings of
the race;

Scholars aflame will hither as of yore,
And Knowledge find in her accustomed
place.

“Great Malachy and Brian,—they are
gone,
And all the old kings of a kingly race.
Of all the silvered bards that sang, not
one
Is left to sing the new day large with
grace.

“And thou, my Derry, kissed by a sky
serene,
Which oft my gray eyes yearned to
gaze upon,
Thou hast forgot the dark-haired
mother-queen
Who loved and nourished thee in ages
gone.

“O Derryland, thou nursling of the sea,
Thou hast forgot thy sons of olden
days,
Ere yet the Saxon came and ravished
thee,
And turned thy footsteps into narrow-
ing ways!

“Thy brave O’Neill, O’Donnell, Owen
Roe,—
The knightliest men that ever belted
sword!
Thou hast forgot their valorous deeds,
and lo,
To thy white heart dost clasp an alien
horde!

“The Dawn will break, and her fair
children all
Will sing once more the pæan of lib-
erty—

Meath, Wexford, Limerick, blue-hilled
Donegal;
But thou, my Derry,—wilt thou silent
be?"

VI

Gloom and spirit silence, the red sun low
in the sky,
Rooks with heads out-thrust seeking
their nests hard by;
Ancient tombs, a chancel, pillars fallen
and gray,
Figures carved on stone, and great
names worn away.
The sainted monks have vanished, the
hour of prayer is spent,
And eager Fancy follows the way of the
dead they went.

But the Angel Hope remains through the
watches of all the night,
While hovers dark-winged Doubt, then
vanishes out of sight.
Hope watches the trembling East for the
rose to redden the sky,
When Derry shall wake to the light of a
day that shall not die.

JOHNEEN

There's ten o' ye now, an' twenty long
years in between

From Maurice, the man o' the house, to
little Johnneen;

But I wouldn't part one, not for all the
rich pearls of a queen.

Ah, my heart craves ye all!
For ye light up the gloom o' the place,
Like Our Lord lit the dark o' the cave
by the light of His face.

Yes, ten o' ye all, an' Maurice as tall as
a pine;

Then Mary, come Candlemas Day, will
be finishin' nine;

An' Johneen—O come lay your little
heart here against mine!

Yeh, 'tis I loves ye all:
Maurice an' Mike an' Kathleen,
An', pulse o' my heart, yourself, my
little Johneen!

When the house does be empty the long,
lonesome stretch o' the day,
With only Johneen in the cradle a-sleep-
in' away,

The tears do come down from my eyes,
an' I tryin' to pray!

O I dream o' ye all,
An' the crosses God sends, an' our
needs—

Sweet Saviour, forgive me!—ye come
between me an' the Beads.

But, thank God, sure ye're hearty an'
brimful of innocent joys,
An' o' nights round the kitchen ye fill
up the house with yer noise.

Virgin Pure keep ye innocent always, my
girls and my boys!

Ah, I've mothered ye all
Down those twenty long years in be-
tween,

From Maurice, who stoops at the door,
to little Johneen!

WHEN THE WEATHER'S GRAY

When the weather's gray, and clouds are
raining, raining,

O weave a dream of Summer into a
song!

Then what to thee the trees to winds
complaining?

The dawn is in thy heart, the day is
long.

When the weather's gray, O think of the
glad lark singing

Above the clouds, just below the an-
gels' feet!

Think of the lavish rose to the desert
flinging

Her gift of incense: still is the good
rose sweet.

Keep light within thy heart, thy head
uplifted:

The sleeping buds will wake at the
touch of May;

The sky's face will be blue when clouds
are drifted,—

Keep hope within thy heart when the
weather's gray.

TEARS AND BLOOD

Mid the golden sheaves of his harvest
field,

He hears the call from far.

Then goes, himself to be the yield,

Of the blood-smeared reaper War.

Then here's to War, rough-visaged,
grim,

Whose widows trail the years!

O drink, ye kings! you've filled it brim,—

The sparkling cup of tears!

On a blackened land, for its million dead,

He dreams of his fields afar.

The stark, still corpses round him spread

Are the sheaves of the reaper War.

Then here's to War, blood-spattered,
grim,

Begot of a mad king's mood!

O drink, ye kings, who've filled it brim,

The red, red cup of blood!

SHANAGOLDEN

Calm sea, thy sweet breath's over
Shanagolden,

My dream hill, set with daisies Spring
has brought;

Home of a hoary bard in ages olden,
Who left his land a legacy of thought.

He saw sage kings where daisies white
are growing

In Shanagolden by the big sea's edge;
He spoke with saints where yonder herds
are lowing,

Their glossy necks high thrust above
the hedge.

He walked with queens down the slopes
of Shanagolden,

When queens wore purple in a regal
isle.

Now sleep they 'neath the oaks, vine-
girt and olden;

And o'er their dust the regal violets
smile.

O Shanagolden, hill of youthful dream-
ing,

My Winter hither flies on darkling
wing!

But, Shana-land, the daisies fringed are
gleaming

O'er thy dream slopes. Ah, there 'tis
always Spring!

TO-DAY

O Father, guide these faltering steps to-
day,

Lest I should fall!

To-morrow? Ah, to-morrow's far
away,—

To-day is all.

If I but keep my feet till evening time,

Night will bring rest;

Then, stronger grown, to-morrow I shall
climb

With newer zest.

O may I stoop to no unworthiness,
In pain or sorrow,
Nor bear from yesterday one bitterness
On to to-morrow!

Then, Father, help these searching eyes
to-day
The path to see;
Be patient with my feebleness,—the way
Is steep to Thee!

A MEMORY

A grassy grave, an ivied wall,
The gold of an Autumn day;
Leaves in the listless winds that fall,
Flitting butterfly, robin call,
A far sky streaked with gray.

A lonely grave o'er treasured bones,
A heart that will not beat;
The sun on the lizard adrowse on the
stones,
Sentinel pines, the slumberous tones
Of insects in the heat.

An unmarked grave in a sunny place,
 With gold on every leaf.
Time, too, left thee the Autumn grace
Of gold in the heart and sun on the
 face—
But Autumn all too brief!

THE OLD LOVE

'Twas cloudy an' chill the mornin' I
married my John,
In gray Knockanare;
But the sun was deep down in my heart
when the priest made us one,
With pledges an' blessin' an' prayer.
I promised I'd love an' obey;
An' John, that he'd love an' be true.
O we loved, we were true, an' the
gray
Of an old love, like an old wine, is
rarer than new!

The feet o' the rain were a-dance at the
cross o' the road,
As I went by his side;
An' the heart in me danced out o' joy,
like the rain, till there glowed
The blush that my heart couldn't hide.
For I'd promised I'd love an' obey,
An' John, that he'd love an' be true.
O we loved, we were true, an' the gray
Of an old love, like an old wine, is
richer than new!

The sun was bright gold on the mornin'
I buried my John,
In gray Knockanare;
But the rain was deep down in my heart,
for I knew he was gone
When the priest said the blessin' an'
prayer.

Then I promised my John where he lay,
That for all the long years I'd be true.
O I love, O I'm true; for the gray
Of an old love, like an old wine, is
stronger than new!

THE ROSE GIRL

She struggles about in the crowded
places,

Pauses a moment and proffers one;
She heeds not the stare of a thousand
faces,

But calls out roses till all are gone.

Homeward at last when the hot day
closes,

Her young face clouded with child
regret:

Sorrow not, maiden, though gone thy
roses,

Their fragrance lingers about thee
yet!

MOTHER ERIN

'Tis not rich you are: no jewels shine in
your hair;

Your face is pinched, *machree*, your
hands are bare;

Your voice that rang silver sweet in sun-
nier years

Is buried deep in your heart—below
your tears.

Your dark eyes search the sea for the
sons of your breast

Who sailed down Kerry Head away to
the West.

You watch the rim of the sea till your
tired eyes burn,
For the men who sailed away, but never
return.

You're gray, movrone: the wrinkles
fret your face;
Care has crippled your feet and stolen
your grace.
How in ages gone you leaped down the
ridges green,
Your great eyes shining like the stars,
my Queen!

'Tis scarred you are from the battles for
holy Truth,
Which Patrick brought you in your vir-
gin youth.

You've clung to Truth, with your eyes
on Calvary,
And mothered the scattered Race of
Eternity.

We love you, mother *machree*, for the
shames you've borne
For the love of shining Truth, all your
white flesh torn.
We kiss the prints of the lash across
your face,
Our own dear Erin, mother of the race!

DREAM SONG

A mellow sun within the heart when
days

Are wet and dark;

Still fields to wander where the footsteps
raise

The sleeping lark;

Stars flung with lavish hand across the
sky;

And memories strong

Of happy hours, that back in life's dawn
lie,

When every hedge was sweet with
flower and song.

A million suns lie just beyond the hill
Where the dream child looks;
A million songs in river deeps are still
Unsung in books.
The heart will pant for heather field and
sun
And houseless plain:
We sing because we must, like streams
that run
Down the waste hills to join the misty
main.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

When you are old, may all your memories

Be fragrant of the scent

Of holy deeds: pains you have tried to ease,

And helping to the spent;

Serene indifference to what gossips tell,

More laggard than sloth to herald

The shame of one above the clouds who fell

From star-height to our world.

When you're grown old, God grant your
 memories be
Of justice, gentle speech,
White truth and tolerance; vast charity
For all men—and for each.

LOOKING BACK

A wide field and a west wind blowing
At Boherana, place of sun and
dreams;
And 'tis I that wish this day that I were
going
Back there where rushes bend to kiss
the streams.

A heart-ache for the thrush and young
clover,
Where child feet make rings on the
gray dew.

One morn to the day,—heigh-ho, 'tis
over,
And all your dreams won't bring it
back to you!

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

God keep your feet in paths where
sounds

Of quiet laughter come;

Where robins linger longest; where
abounds

A wealth of green, tree-murmur, in-
sect-hum.

God keep your heart unruffled when you
feel

The fret of circumstance,

Lest any smallness you may witness
steal

A tithe of your large sympathy, per-
chance.

God give you, at the close of day, His
heaven;

But not, dear friend, too soon!

So much to do, your all has not been
given:

'Tis still, dear friend, the early after-
noon.

REAPING

At dawn, when you awake, a new day
given,

Rise and make haste to field; perhaps
your Heaven

Must be achieved before again you
sleep.

Then be not laggard: this is your day
to reap!

Stay close to field this morn: accusing
years

May point to trampled stems and scat-
tered ears.

Keep up your heart, your harvest still
is growing;
Then reap this day: ah, tomorrow
there's no knowing!

Oh, reap, nor count the sheaves! Some
other field
May promise to your sickle larger yield.
Reward is in the striving, not the gain;
God weighs the love and not the store of
grain!

MONA'S MESSAGE

The south wind flung her veil of haze
across

The face of Carrig—silent hill where
kings

In purple lie below the hoary moss!

Where many a night the priestly ocean
sings

Sad requiems for a royal dead who hold
No kingly council more in halls of gold!

Young Mona, dark-eyed, sailing to the
west,

Where lie the fields of plenty, keeps
her eyes

On fading Ireland, till they fondly rest
On Carrig hill. A thousand memories
rise
For the dear slopes that regal ashes
keep,
For kingly heads so still in centuried
sleep!

A gull, with waving wings from the far
sea

Returning, floats beside the stately
ship.

“Dear bird,” calls Mona, “wait and
bear for me

One last farewell to Ireland, e’er I slip
From the sweet embrace of all I love
On the fairest earth ’neath the dear
God’s heaven above!

“O say to Ireland this for me: ‘I give
My heart to you,—my young heart
torn with grief.

The days are bleak, for I can never live
One other spring where elders are in
leaf.

The Night will bring the stars and Dawn
the dew,
But I’ll be exiled from my bright heaven
—you!’

“O tell my Ireland, gull, ’tis many the
time

I’ll think I hear the hiding meadow-
lark

Waiting like some mute bard to burst in
rhyme.

I’ll hear the thrush’s song at early
dark

In that far, azure world of his where he
Has stars to harken to his minstrelsy.

“I’ll see Lough Derrig when the breath
of June

Wakes gentle laughter on her placid
face;

When low she whispers of a still, warm
noon

Sweet words to the green rush that
bows with grace

To kiss her cooling lips; when the white
swan

Dreams on her bosom in mid-summer
dawn.

“The rings of green the romping fairies
make

Will deck my dream fields when I muse
apart.

The shamrock, nestling close to earth,
will take

For dew the tears of my poor home-
sick heart.

I'll see, all fancy wrapt, the young wheat
grow

Along the sloping ridges; then I'll know

“The summer's coming. Happy, happy
gull,

Fly on and on through violet dusk!
Yet hear

Me as you go: Ah, many a day the dull
Regret will come to me! Ah, many
the tear

Will dim my eyes that I can hear no
more

The dancing feet upon the earthen floor!

“O tell my Ireland, bird, going home
from sea,

Like a brown-faced fisherman unto his
mate,

That I will yearn for her the years to be,
As if some lover, heart-broken, at the
gate,

Waiting his love until his tired eyes
burn:

His dead love gone who never will re-
turn.

“O say not: other skies are just as blue
As hers; that elsewhere stately rivers
flow

To music oceanward; that the gray dew
Sweetens a million fields where violets
blow!

Swift gull, were every land for loveli-
ness

As famed as heaven, I'd love my own
not less."

.

When some sweet song we love has died
away

We listen, hearing every note again.
So Mona fancies, still dark wings play
Wafting the swift gull o'er the misty
main.

When night at last falls o'er the purple
waves

She turns from Carrig, hill of kingly
graves.

TO THE POET

Sing us a song for the wide world to
hear,

Weighted with meaning and moving in
time;

One with a lilt to it haunting the ear
Whose thought billows break on the
rock of a rime.

Lift us a song like the wave on the reef
Bemoaning lost Dead since the ages
have rolled;

Not long, for the fire of the feeling is
brief

And the word to express it is rarer
than gold.

Something not written by pedagogue
law

With syllables marshalled for critics
to scan:

Alas for the trifles with hardly a flaw,
That never go home to the heart of a
man!

Sing us a song like the boom of the sea
Whose surges have sung with the
dawning of time.

Sing us a song for the ages to be,
And the ages will pardon a lapse in
the rime.

LINCOLN

Son of a rugged soil, a rugged clime,
The clamoring small man wearied thee
with noise:
The clamoring small man, servile of his
time,
Shook not thy native righteousness,
thy poise.

God raised thee out among the growing
fields,
And taught thee strength in cold and
torrid sun.

No weakling thou who wavers and then
yields,
And leaves a work of centuries undone.

God gave thee to this nation in the hour
Expediency and Right did beckon
thee.

Right was thy portion, and the millions
shower
Their benediction through the years
to be.

MOTHER OF ART

Thy Raphael dreaming of an earthly
face,

Inspired of thee, a heavenly beauty
sought;

Thy Michaelangelo on marble
wrought,

And hewed a Moses of heroic grace;

Thy sainted Gregory, who mused
apace,

Heard angel melodies from heaven
brought;

Thy Dante in his lonely exile caught
The highest message sung of any race.

Through all the ages they have learned
of thee,

The painter, sculptor, singer, poet,—
all

Carved on the roll of immortality.

These to the inner temple didst thou
call

Where Thought sits silent in a place
apart

And gives a life, a meaning, unto Art.

IF SORROW COME

If Sorrow come and knock upon thy
door,

Make haste and open to her, though
she bring

A summons asking the most precious
thing

Of all thy treasures; e'en though never-
more

Life wear the roseate splendor once it
wore;

Though loves be cleft in twain; yea,
though she fling

Black dark about thee all the day, or
sting
Thy heart like scorpions to the very
core.

Christ's feet were bathed by Sorrow at
the feast;
Sorrow received His blessed features
on
The dolorous way; she followed
Him beside
The moonlit sea; beloved of men the
least,
He loved her best, set her apart as one
Worthy to walk beside Him till He
died.

OUR LADY OF THE DOME

Star-crowned, the crescent hung below
thy feet,

In stormy dark I have beheld thy light
Far shining. Then I dreaded not the
sight

Of haunting shapes that men in darkness
meet. [greet

Nor yet less glad thy lighted Dome I
When God has flung his jewels o'er
the night,

When 'neath the young moon, throned
in purple height,

The June fields, wet with dew, are clover
sweet.

O thou, fair Lady, brighter than all thy
stars,

Out of thy radiance make my life less
dark!

I do not ask thee morn with rose-red
bars

Adown the east; nor dews, nor singing
lark.

No, only night, and vigil, storm and
stress,

With thee in thy dear heaven to light
and bless!

MY PRAYER

God of the day, the sleeping world
awakes

And dawn finds millions on a purpose
bent;

God of the night, the wasting heat is
spent

And stars are trembling over breeze-
blown lakes;

God of the sea, no billow ever breaks
On any shore but follows Thy intent;
God of the sky, when cloudful and
storm-rent,

We think of all Thy suffering for our
sakes.

God over all, a feeble cry is mine;

Yet hear in pity as I breathe my
prayer:

Teach me to fear Thee ever who art
just,

To call Thee Father, knowing Thee be-
nign,

To keep Thy image with me every-
where,

To copy Thee, remembering I am
dust.

IN HER EXILE

Out of my bondage, in the dying day,
Heart-worn, I seek the joyless tene-
ment;
The air is heavy grown with sickening
scent
Of underworlds. Nowhere a leaf-strewn
way,
Sun-touched and sweet with song, where
children play.
Squalor I see; the blessed twilight rent
With strange, deep oaths and cries of
discontent;
Then over all, a sky of matted gray.

But when you come with healing, wingéd
Sleep,
You waft me over seas where summer
bloom
Is on the hedges. Ah, the happy
thrush
Pipes to the morn, and all the young
broods keep
Down with the shamrocks nestling in
the gloom!
I kiss the dewy earth, my heart
ahush.

THE LEGEND OF THE HARP

They fought a great battle
Long, long years ago
On the plains of Mag Tured,—
That's in Ireland, you know.

The De Danaan invaders,
With long golden hair,
Were fighting the blue-eyed
Formorians there.

The Formorians were conquered
And fled from the fray,
But stole a gold harp
From the victors away.

Then wept the bard Dagda,
With locks white as snow:
“What is victory, O chieftains,
My harp with the foe?

“What is life, O my chieftains,
When silent is song?
What is war when the bard
Bears no gold harp along?”

Every chief's yellow spear
Bright flashed to the moon,
And they swore by the harp
They would capture it soon.

A few chosen warriors
Sped into the night
With Dagda the harper,
And sought for the light,—

The light where Formorians
 Made feast in their hall,
And pledged to the harp
 Where it hung from the wall.

Light glimmers: all follow,
 But pause by the door,
And hear the wild pledges
 They pledge o'er and o'er.

Then Dagda, the white-haired,
 The master of song,
Calls aloud to his harp,
 And it leaps o'er the throng;

It leaps to his arms,—
 The child of his soul;
He plucks at the strings
 And sweet melodies roll.

First a low wail of sorrow
That wakens up tears:
The chieftains are silent,
And rest on their spears.

Next a wild hymn of gladness;
And many and long
Are the shouts of them all
'Neath the spell of that song.

Last the bard plucks the strings
To music of sleep,
And there falls such a calm
As the calm on the deep.

Every eye waxes heavy,
Every head sinks to rest;
Then Dagda steals home,
The harp close to his breast.

LAUREEN

What a time they had to give her a
name

That would suit such a baby girl!
Some ventured to say they should christen her May,
Or Ethna or Grace or Pearl.

But auntie spoke up: "There's a beautiful name

Of all Irish names the queen;
'Tis the pride of the West in the Isle of
the Blest,
And the symbol of peace—Laureen."

Sure 'tis only a month and a day or two
Since the light of the sun she's seen;
But after a year, if you walk along here,
Take a look at the young Laureen.

Faith 'tis big you'll be then, so your
mother's arms
Will be tired from the weight of you;
But she'll watch you and kiss, and see
heaven's bliss
In your child-eyes of Irish blue.

Yes, you're a wee one now, and your
baby feet
Can't race o'er the flowery green;
But, please God, in a year, if they come
around here,
You'll be big for your age, Laureen!

TO THE HOLY KINGS

The sands of the desert were bare to
them

In the light of the Star that shone;
But the desolate land looked fair to
them,

Nor offered the sign of a care to them,
Who wandered their way alone.

In the western sky is a light to them,
Sending its beams afar.

In their hearts is a song; 'tis so bright
to them,

Ah, 'twill never again be night to them,
In the wake of the guiding Star!

Men of the East, we pray to you—

Ye Kings of the long ago,—

That the Star which shone like the day
to you

May lead us the surest way to you

Who the King of the Ages know!

A LITTLE KINDLY DEED

Mary was a little girl about as big as
you,

And when her birthday came along she
wondered what she'd do.

Papa gave her money and mamma gave
her more:

Now, what she was to buy with it she
pondered o'er and o'er.

With some she thought she'd have a
feast for all her little friends,

And then with some she'd get a doll and
lots of odds and ends;

Whatever was left over—she knew there
would be some—

Why, that she'd put away, she thought,
for rainy days to come.

Now, Mary was not selfish, but this is
very clear:

Of birthdays little girls can have one
only in the year.

Besides, they always told her it was
specially her day;

For mamma called her Mary when she
came to her in May.

At last the wished-for morning dawned,
and you should see the sun!

It shone so much more brightly than it
e'er before had done;

And flowers all were nodding salutations
in the breeze,
And every bird was singing "Happy
birthday!" in the trees.

She went to town with mamma to buy
ice-cream and cake
And oranges and candy, and everything
they make
Especially for little girls when birth-
days come around.
Then mamma went off shopping when
for Mary she had found
The Greek store where the candies were;
there told her to remain
And choose her birthday sweets and
things till she returned again.

There were sixty kinds of candy and
thirty kinds of cake,
And Mary liked them all so well she
knew not which to take.

And, then, the ice-cream fountain and
the fruits of every hue!
She thought it was the *sweetest* place;
and so, I'm sure, would you.
But while her blue eyes roved about the
splendors of the store,
A black-eyed little cripple boy came hob-
bling through the door.

His face was very pinched and white,
and thin and long his hair;
His shoes were old and broken, and
patched up here and there.

“I want some fruit for mamma,” he told
the waiting man.

“I have a nickel; here it is; please give
me all you can.”—

“A nickel, boy! And fruit so high!
Your bargain doesn’t suit.”—

“But mamma’s sick, and doctor said
she’d have to get some fruit.”—

“I’m sorry for your mamma, boy; and
sorry, boy, for you;
But fruit is very high this year: a nickel
will not do.”—

“Then mamma can’t have fruit, I
guess.” He wiped away a tear.—

“I’m sorry for your mamma, boy; but
fruit is high this year.”

Now Mary was no longer shy, nor gazed
about the store,
But rushed up to the counter which the
poor boy stood before.

“Why, here’s my purse of money!”—
she forced it in his hand;
“Just buy your mamma all the fruit
and cakes and things so grand;
For, though it is my birthday, we were
told the other day
It’s better give to others than from
others take away.”

He took the purse and looked at her, an
angel of the skies,
And tears of tender gratitude were
streaming from his eyes.

He thanked her o'er and o'er again, then
passed through crowded ways
With fruit for his sick mother that would
last her many days.

Now Mary's heart was strangely glad
for that sweet, kindly deed,
And in her soul a gentle peace was sown
like precious seed.
But mamma when she heard it all wept
silently apart,
And took up little Mary's form and held
her to her heart.

She kissed that rosy face of hers a hundred times and more,
And called her "Treasure!" "Heart's
delight!" and "Dearest!" o'er
and o'er.

Her birthday was a grand affair, and
how her parents smiled
Each time they looked at Mary, their
own “hearts’ delight,” their
child!

MARGERY MAY

Yes, dark it is outside on the street,
Not a sign of the sun all day;
But what do I care and herself over
there—

The light of me, Margery May!

O the rogue you are, with your coaxing
smile,

So you'll sit on my lap this way!
The blue of the skies is alough in your
eyes—

The joy of me, Margery May!

They tell me 'tis like myself you are:
To please me they talk that way;

But let them be gone with their carrying
on—

The heart of me, Margery May!

Margery, Margery, sun of my life,

You were sent to me Dolors' Day!

O Queen of doles seven, from your
throne up in heaven,

Bless my darling, my Margery May!

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE

He clasped her in a fond embrace,—

The stars were dying out.

She watched for long, and then her face

Was clouded o'er with doubt.

“Cold sea,” she moaned, “you take my
love

For all the lonely day!

Dear winds, be calm! Sweet stars above,

Make bright the darksome way!”

At eve she went back to the shore:

No star was in the sky;

Around the rocks the winds made roar,

The waves were rolling high.

“Ah, cruel sea, that holds my love!

And fickle winds to me!

Ah, faithless stars, that hide above,

Nor light the stormy sea!”

.

Grey dawn: a boat cast far on land,—

Men hurry to the place.

A woman chafes an icy hand

And kisses a white face.

LADY DAY IN IRELAND

Through the long August day, mantled
blue with a sky of Our Lady,
They are there at the well from the
dawn till the sea birds go home;
And the trees bending down with broad
leaves offer spots that are shady,
Where the heart is at rest, sighing
prayers till the shadows are come.

The brown beads and the crucifix pass in
procession through fingers
That are pale as the snow or are hard-
ened from labor and pain.

In each *Ave* they whisper the deep Celtic
tenderness lingers,
Like a sweet phrase in song that is
echoed and echoed again.

Marching down the white road with the
sun in the noon of his splendor
Are the children, with joy in the blue
of their innocent eyes;
In their hearts is a song, breaking forth
into words that are tender,
Unto her with the gold of the stars and
the blue of the skies.

In the still summer air there's a chorus
of minstrelsy breaking,
There are flashes of gold with a flutter
and waving of wings:

Mary's birds are they, come with the
dawn, all the green woods forsak-
ing,

Every heart in them breaking for love
with the message it brings.

Through the calm August day, with Our
Lady's blue sky far above them,
And beyond the grey mountains where
slumbers the Irish green sea,
There they speak to her, weep while they
pray to her, beg her to love them,
Till beyond the bright stars where
their home and their treasure
shall be.

ST. PATRICK'S TREASURE

Called son by many lands,

Thou art a father unto one.

Of all these mothers claiming thee,

By honored titles naming thee,

We ask: Where is thy priceless birth-
right gone?

That blessed faith of thine,

They mothering thee have sold.

But she, thy daughter dutiful,

Has kept thy treasure beautiful

Through many sorrows in her heart of
gold.

THE SOUL OF THE SHAMROCK

Plucked from her earth at the brink of
day,

Every leaf a-drip with the mountain
dew,

What vine can match that emerald
hue?

What rose is half so sweet as you?
Plucked out of Ireland's heart away,
Green Shamrock!

Beyond the seas by a trembling hand,
The leaves are upgathered one by one:
The green of their mountain home is
gone,

And the dew the sunbeams flashed
upon,—
Is your soul fled home to your own dear
land,
Brown Shamrock?

Yes, your soul is fled home to your Inis
Fail,
Athirst for the dew of her morning
sky!
Fled home where the thrush sings wild
and high,
Where daisies like stars on June fields
lie,
To roam with the fairies through grove
and dale,
Sweet Shamrock!

Symbol of Erin, 'tis many the one
Will be glad to-day at sight of you!

Will muse on the hills their childhood
knew,
Will kiss your dead leaves for Ire-
land, too!
And their love will go back where your
soul is gone,
Dead Shamrock!

TO A DEAD PRIEST

(M. J. R.)

You, laboring long and patiently,

Aweary grew at last;

Then sank to rest so silently

We scarcely knew you past.

Gentle your ways, kindly your heart,

You loved the simple things;

In quiet joys you took a part,

Nor relished murmurings

Of envious spirits; ne'er your tongue

An idle gossip told

Of any brother. You lived among

A few friends made of old.

You joyed in summer sun and breeze,
And calm of starry sheen,
And young Spring clothing all the
trees
At earliest dawn with green.

Men say the dead are all forgot
Once they are resting low;
That one short, narrow earthen plot,
O'er which wild grasses grow,
Hides them from lingering memory.
Not all the treasured dead
Thus pass and are no more to be;
A few still hear the tread
Their footsteps made in days of yore.
Their long-loved voices, too,
Leave echoes when the song is o'er.
Their generous hearts, as true

As gold, fire-tried, can never rust.

The good that sink in sleep,
Their bones may crumble unto dust—
Their loves will always keep.

You, laboring long and silently,
Aweary grew at last;
But here your immortality
Is anchored sure and fast.
Time and time's dole of pain and fret
Are fled like starless night;
But you, grown ever young, have met
The Vision and the Light.

THE LIGHT OF THEIR LIFE

Mother, they lie in the deep,
Or out in the wind-swept plains.
What matters how long or where they
sleep?
The Light of their Life remains.

Mother, the Light of their life,
They died with their eyes to thee!
What matters how: by rope, by knife?
Or sunk in the weedy sea?

Mother, thy nameless dead
Are abroad in the houseless plains!
But the God of their anguish is over-
head
And the Light of their Life remains!

THE PERFECT PEACE

Tiny hands, a chubby face,
Wayward curls no brush can comb;
Playing with sand in a sunny place
Beyond the gate of a cottage home.

Little feet in the shifting sand,
Stray not far from the cottage gate!
Follow the wave of the beckoning hand,
List to the voice that bids thee wait!

Two blue eyes, so still, so deep,
They hide more meanings than the sea.
With silent night comes the hush of
sleep
And tired lids seal the mystery.

King on the throne of a mother's breast,
Fed on the love of a mother's kiss,
Where, but beyond in God's own rest,
Is found more perfect peace than this?

THE PERFECT SERVICE

God gives us each a little work to do—

Oh! do it with a will!

Nor murmur one regret the whole day
through,

Because the duty given unto you

Seems lowly to fulfill.

Whether 'neath torrid sun in harvest
field,

Amid the yellow grain,

You reap and gather in the rich, ripe
yield;

Whether in forest tall the axe you
wield,

You labor not in vain.

If, buried in the ditches dark and deep,
You lift the heavy clay,
Repine not! Night will come and bring
you sleep
And gentle breathing; and fatigue will
keep
Disturbing dreams away.

Render as perfect service as you can,
Heeding not *What* but *How*.
In God's great mind a king is but a man,
Filling a throne in His eternal plan,
A crown upon his brow.

No toil is lowly to the mind of God:
Singer and king and sage,
He with the grimy face, he who must
plod,
Whose hot sweat drips upon the burning
sod,
Are paid eternal wage.

Glory forever to the God of Right

Ye toiling sons proclaim!

And this your prayer through busy
hours of light,

And this your dream through silent
hours of night—

Blessed be His Sacred Name!

KNOCKANARE

I know the bogs back in Knockanare:
 'Tis lonesome they are, that I'll tell
 you true;
There's ne'er a green bush in miles of
 the view,
Nor a daisy to lift up the heart in you.
O lonesome, lonesome Knockanare!

'Tis always raining in Knockanare:
 The mists they hide the sun in the sky,
 The tears they hide the light in your
 eye.
Ah, 'tis glad you'd be to say good-bye
To misty, misty Knockanare!

I know the cabins in Knockanare:

The doors are small and the windows
few,

The roofs are old so the rain comes
through, [too.

The cold wind moans in the chimneys
O rainy, rainy Knockanare!

I know the people of Knockanare:

There's never a smile on a single face,
They haven't the airy heart of the
race,

The light of them dies in the dark of
the place.

O gloomy, gloomy Knockanare!

Poor, wasting hearts back in Knock-
anare!

Your ears are deaf from the fall of
the rain,

Your eyes are blind from looking in
vain

For the smile of the sun in the sky
again,

In dreary, dreary Knockanare!

But God loves the people of Knock-
anare;

Believe what I say, for I tell you true.
Their sighs are many, their smiles are
few.

“Sure God is so good,” still they’ll
answer you,

“To bother at all about Knockanare!”

THE HEART OF THE WIND

The wind's tread is soft: he never
crushes the lily that blows;
His sandals are sweet with the perfume
they lift from the heart of the rose.

He eases the fevered pulse, brings bloom
to the pallid face;
To the toiler hot at the furnace front he
carries a grace.

✧
In the summer dawn he quickens the
meadow lark into song,
He shakes the dew from drowsy poppies,
sweeping along.

When he glides o'er the ripening grain
it rolls at his touch like the sea;
The woods are his organ with notes as
deep as eternity.

He's abroad on the hills at the warm
noon hour, when the sun on high
Shines like a spotless Host from the
altar blue of the sky.

He glides along the valleys where violets
dream in the shade,
Or beats about dark caves with the roll
of cannonade.

He rushes upon the waters, they leap on
the rocks at his lash;
Or he bounds away o'er treeless plains
at hurricane dash.

The heart of the wind? Who knows?

To me 'tis a heart that's strange:
I've felt its caress as soft as a child's,
and seen it change

To the rough hand of the man who,
weary grown, loves you no more,
Who never kisses you now when he bids
you good-bye at the door,
Nor stops to look back through the mist
in his eyes as he used to of yore.

The wind's tread is soft as the panther
that steals on his prey;
But he changes a thousand times like a
wayward child at play.

For he will caress you and coax you
away to a mountain that's steep,
And then his heart will grow wild and
he'll blow you into the deep.

Often he speaks in a whisper, and often
his voice is a roar;
He has saved a million lives, and
wrecked a million more.

The wind's heart! I have wooed it long
on the houseless plain,
And when my head was afire I know it
eased my pain,
For I caught in its breath the smell of
the salt from the rolling main.

The wind's heart, like the heart of the
world, is working His will:
A peace is over it now, to-morrow its
roarings may fill
The Sea; but He is abroad on the waters
to bid them be still.

THE VISION OF THE NIGHT

Clouds, like angel wings, sail under the
blue,

Half revealing angel faces;
Stars, like angel eyes, are peering
through

From the depths of cloudless spaces.

They gaze at God in a manger, glory-
stripped,

A Babe in His Mother's keeping!
The crest of His rock-hewn cave is
tipped

With their light, while the world is
sleeping.

And Thou art God, infant-limbed, pa-
tiently still,

Come out of Thy measureless glory!
And Thou hast lifted us out of the
depths, until

We seem like the gods of story!

Infinite God, made human by infinite
love,

See the wings of Night outspreading!
See the myriad eyes of Night from their
heaven above

A golden radiance shedding!

THE IRISH JUNE

See the daisies shining in fields all
over,

Hear the young thrush singing!
From the meadow near by catch the
smell o' the clover
That the wind is bringing.

Back in the west hear the deep, full
river,

The heart in him beating.
The reeds by the side of him toss and
quiver,
The breezes greeting.

The wheat so tall in the ridges growing
Will soon be earing;
And look at the stalks since the April
sowing,
With their blossoms peering!

Now thanks be to God for the blue sky
bending
So bright above us!
We know from the promising days He's
sending
He continues to love us.

EARLY MASS IN IRELAND

The sloe is on the thorn
This holy Sunday morn,
The cornerake is hidin' in the grass.
There's the bell within the steeple,
Sends a message to the people
To be kneelin' when the priest begins the
Mass.

The scythe is put away,
An' the sun in heaven this day
Is gildin' all the meadows that you pass.
Hurry through the chapel gates,
Sure 'tis God Himself who waits
For the people when the priest begins
the Mass!

The dew is on the corn
This blessed Sunday morn,
The daisies dance before me on the
grass.

How my old heart beats with feelin',
'Tis so full of joy when kneelin'
Near the railin' when the priest begins
the Mass!

Rockin' gently to and fro,
Sayin' sweet old prayers I know,
On the beads that through my tremblin'
fingers pass.

Don't ye smile at me, my dears,
If I can't keep back the tears,
Near the railin' when the priest begins
the Mass.

NOVEMBER

Gray is the sky this November weather,
Dead are the grasses that used to
grow.

'Tis bleak, for the wind is about on the
heather,

With never a tree for a mile or so.

But a man can dream when the wind is
wailing,

And in the hush of it look on high,
Where the troubled clouds down the sky
are sailing,

Till they vanish out of his life and die.

'Tis the dusk of the day, and the night
will follow;

The rooks for their forest home are
bound.

Hear the wind's swish through the hedge
in the hollow!

Hear the dead leaves whirling round
and round!

A man has his dreams this November
weather,

Out in the dusk where the chill winds
blow.

Sweet is the smell from the heart of the
heather—

A fragrance remembered from long
ago!

THE SECOND SPRING

Comes the Spring with quickening
breath

To that lowly place of death
Up the crumbling walls the slender ivy
creeps;

Every bud has life again,
From the healing of the rain,
Where he sleeps.

Summertime, the thistle blooms
In among the tottering tombs,
Unseen beneath the weeds the violet
keeps;

As the great oaks sway and swing,
World-old Requiems they sing,
Where he sleeps.

Down among the grasses tall,
Saffron leaves in Autumn fall.
In the damp 'neath fallen stones the
lizard creeps.
The tombs are bent and hoary,
Time has blotted out their story,
Where he sleeps.

In the Winter, night winds roll,
Like the wailing of a soul
That a vision of the Glory vainly seeks.
In the sky a murky cloud
Hides the pale moon like a shroud,
Where he sleeps.

Memory goes there all the year,
Winter's gloom, or Summer's cheer,
Where the thistle blossoms and the liz-
ard creeps.

Then will come the Second Spring,
And the dust will wake and sing
Where he sleeps.

CREELA BAY

'Tis a mile away to Creela town,
Where the river runs beside;
And you can watch the seaweed cots
Sail up the salty tide.

When the wind is fresh of an early hour,
With the tang of the ocean gray,
Go sailing down from Creela town,
And out to Creela Bay.

For Creela Bay is blue and deep,
With a moaning sea behind;
And beyond the sea, who knows what be,
Except the raging wind?

Ah, come and stop at Creela town!—

'Tis easy to find the way,—

And sit on the hill when the day is still,

For the sight of Creela Bay.

You'll have a joy for the after years,

So you'll stop on the street and say:

“ 'Tis hot out here, but never you fear,

I can dream of Creela Bay.”

GOLDEN JUBILEE WISH

Fair School, may every golden year that
shines

In thy bright crown of fifty, symbolize
A worthy service; like long-cellar'd
wines,

May Time but mellow thee; may lovely
skies

Shine over thee in Spring, when all the
days

Are busy keeping count of peeping
buds;

In Summer, when the fitful sunlight
plays

Across tree shadows in the leafy
woods;

In pensive Autumn when the smell of
leaves,

Late fallen, makes the dreamer's heart
beat fast

For happy days thick-strewn with
memories.

And may thy sky be fair when late, at
last,

Comes Winter, spreading white his
shroud of snow.

Bright days be thine through seasons
still untold,

And may thy sunset be of rose and
gold!

THE CRY OF THE HEART

'Tis lonesome here and home so far
away,—

Here on the plains with only memo-
ries

Of golden days, when like a bird of prey
I flew about the hills and caught the
breeze.

Young was I then, and Sorrow had not
doled

Her legacy of sighs and heartaches
too.

I had a father : he was brave and bold,
Yet gentle as your sister is to you.

I had a mother: she was young and tall,
With large, dark eyes. Together we
would play
Above the daisies; she would sing, and
call
Each passing bird by name; then she
would say
Some words about the flowers that come
and go
In Ireland, but never seem to grow
In far-away Wyoming.

Have you sat silent at the close of day
And looked across the wide plains all
forlorn?
Ah! if you have, there is no need to
say
All my wild longings when my heart
is torn.

My father died a-sudden in the field
One harvest day : they said 'twas heart
disease,
As if the knowledge would some comfort
yield
To her whose widowed heart no tear
might ease!
A little, and she followed him to God
Like some fair flower that droops in
summer's sun.
And now together 'neath the dark brown
sod
Of Irish earth they sleep, in death still
one;
While I, the houseless one, from year
to year
Follow the free herds of the plains out
here
In far-away Wyoming!

Have you felt yearning for a father's
care?

Have you felt thirsting for a mother's
tears?

Then you must know, and surely you will
share

My yearning and my thirsting down
the years,

Alone out here, where God seems far
away,

Where the sweet prayers you know
are seldom said,

Where Sunday seems like any other day,

Where the same endless round of life
is led.

I miss the prayerful greeting when men
come,

I miss their prayerful parting when
they go;

I hear no Angelus at set of sun
 Calling the heart to prayer with chim-
 ing low.
Sometimes I say: "Dear God, O let me
 die
Here where my every breath is like a
 sigh,
 In far-away Wyoming!"

I've lain upon the ground a summer
 night,
 When every star was leaping in the
 sky,
When the moon softened all the land
 with light,
 And dreamed myself at home again.
 Each sigh
Of wind brought back a golden memory
 From long-lost vistas of my boyhood
 days.

I dreamed the daisies shone in front of
me,

The shamrocks grew beside untrodden
ways,

Forever faithful and forever green,—

The symbol of the race. Then I
awoke:

The shamrocks and the daisies were un-
seen,

And all the splendor of the vision
broke!

A thousand dreams have stood before
my view,

To vanish, vanish—never to come true,
In far-away Wyoming.

“Some day!” my heart pants in its
feverish beat;

“Some day!” my eyes say, filled with
hopeful tears.

“Some day will turn the exile’s wander-
ing feet!”

Says Memory, looking back across the
years.

The wheat will all be yellow on the land,
The shamrocks will lie close beneath
the grass,

The tide that scatters seaweed on the
strand

Will sing “a thousand welcomes”
when I pass.

Dear God, to see the green hills of the
child,

The man prays here upon the houseless
wild,

In far-away Wyoming!

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